

And One Of Them Is How Bad I Need You by MadGirl-SpaceGirl-StarGirl

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Drama, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Billy H., Jonathan B., Max M., OC

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2019-07-11 03:38:09

Updated: 2019-07-20 16:07:31

Packaged: 2019-12-12 19:05:38

Rating: T

Chapters: 6

Words: 9,247

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Billy Hargrove's world was turned upside down way before he nearly died in Starcourt mall. But after his near death experience he doesn't know what to do with himself. So he goes back to his old ways. But the truth is he's falling apart. Until a girl gets shoved into the closet with him at a party. Turns out she's got some issues too. And they need each other... Now more than ever.

1. Chapter 1

"Get in there dude!"

She heard the loud raucous laughter of the boys and girls who had started the stupid game of seven minutes in heaven, as someone headed towards the closet.

She didn't pay much attention though, standing in the corner next to Celia, who had been the one to drag her to the party in the first place. She wasn't paying attention to Celia either who was chatting away to a few of the girls from their bio class.

In all honesty she wasn't paying much attention to anything except the clock on the wall. Counting down minutes until Celia's brother would pick them up and drop her home to whatever was awaiting her this time.

So she wasn't paying attention when a boy called her name. She didn't hear him until the third time when he said her name like it was a song.

"Jennifer! Jenn-i-fer Manning!"

Jennifer blinked and look over to where Tommy, Carol and a bunch of the other high school kids were grinning at her, some expectantly, some nastily, some curiously.

"Your up Manning!" Tommy smirked, waving a strip of paper at her.

"I didn't put my name..." she began to protest but Celia cut her off.

"I did Jenn. You need to loosen up and have some fun!"

"But-"

Once again Jennifer's voice was drowned out as Carol rolled her eyes and said loudly

"Oh for God's sake Manning, stop being such a prude for once, just get in the closet!"

Succumbing to the pressure of literally every person in the room staring at her, Jennifer slowly made her way towards the closet in the little hallway leading to the back door. She got about three feet away when she balked and started backing up shaking her head.

"Cee, I don't want to – HEY!"

This time Jennifer interrupted herself, as two of Tommy's buddies, Mikey and Ross grabbed an arm each and dragged her the rest of the distance to the closet, while Carol opened the door with a smirk of her own saying

"You'll thank us for this when you get in there."

And with that Mikey and Ross pushed her threw the door and Carol slammed it shut, locking it from the outside.

Leaving Jennifer in the darkness of the closet.

She became acutely aware of her own breathing.

Then, she became even more aware of *his* breathing.

Whoever was in the closet with her. Jennifer's eyes were still adjusting to the dark, so she couldn't see who she had been shoved into a sort of – really – kinda – super awkward situation with.

"Who erm, who's there?"

A beat of silence rang out and then-

"Billy."

Billy goddamn Hargrove.

The young man who had nearly died that summer. He had been one of the victims in the Starcourt Mall 'incident'. People said it was a miracle he had survived, and the rumours were that he owed his life to Jonothan Byers little brother's gang of misfits, including his little sister Max, who Jennifer had tutored throughout the spring semester.

However, his brush with death and two months spent recovering in

hospital had apparently done little to change Billy Hargrove.

When he had finally come back to school, over a month into their senior year, he still walked round like he owned the place. Still acted like it was a privilege to know him.

Basically he was still an asshole.

"Billy" he said "Who're you?"

"Jennifer-"

But Billy spoke over her with a chuckle

"Goddamn! Jenny Manning? Little Miss Prude soon to be class of '86. The hell are you doin' in a closet with me?" she could practically hear the smirk through his words.

"Carol and Tommy kind of... made me." Jennifer offered lamely, squirming a little at the way he purred out 'Jenny'.

"Of course they did."

Even though her eyes had adjusted to the darkness inside the closet, Jennifer could still barely see Billy. Just the vague outline of him, from the thin lines of light coming from around the edge of the door.

The shape of Billy began to move towards her, slow and clearly confident even in the dark.

Jennifer backed up until she felt the wood of the door at her back and she couldn't move anymore, but Billy kept coming until he was so close that although they weren't touching she could feel his breath on her face. He smelt like an odd yet not unpleasant combination of cigarette smoke and mint gum.

She sensed rather than saw his hand come up beside her head.

There was a soft click.

And then a dim bulb made a pathetic attempt at lighting the closet.

After kicking herself for being so nervous that she hadn't even thought to look for a light switch, Jennifer was pulled back to being hyperaware of her current predicament, by Billy twirling a strand of her honey blonde hair casually around one finger. She didn't like their current positioning. Aside from the uncomfortably close quarters, it reminded her how short she was. Billy towered over her, and she half found herself wishing that she was wearing heels like Celia or Carol instead of her favourite blue converse sneakers. At least then she wouldn't feel quite so tiny.

"So are we doin' this or not? Tick tock Jenny."

The flurry of thoughts that ran through her head felt like they took a long time but really only took a matter of seconds.

If she didn't at least kiss him, Jennifer was sure that Billy would tell absolutely everyone and she would be faced with a torrential amount of ridicule. People's opinions of her were usually quite low down on Jennifer's list of concerns, but if it came out that she had snubbed the current king of Hawkins High... br /School was one of an extremely limited number of places that Jennifer liked being and she was pretty sure that would change.

It was just one kiss.

She could do this.

Just one kiss...

"Okay" she almost whispered.

Billy didn't need telling twice. His hands came up, one leaning against the door by her head, the other soaring up to cup the side of her face. Jennifer felt her head be tilted up slightly and then Billy's lips were on hers.

He was far more gentle than she was expecting. He was dominating and controlling the kiss yes, but he was not being rough as she had feared he might be.

Jennifer found herself on her toes, as Billy used his height to his advantage. Her hands on his shoulders, one of his still on his face and

the other dropping to the small of her back.

And she was almost enjoying it.

Until Billy's hand found its way under the hem of her blouse and grazed across the bare skin just above her hip.

That was when Jennifer froze.

Billy clearly felt it and pulled away, looking down at her.

"What?" he asked, but he didn't sound angry... almost concerned.

Jennifer never got the chance to answer however as the closet door suddenly opened behind them and she tore herself away from Billy, stumbling slightly in her haste to get out of the closet.

"Ooooooooooooooh! Look at little Miss Priss! Told you you'd thank me Manning!" Carol crowed as Jennifer passed her, head bowed and cheeks flaming at the laughter.

She looked at the clock and then looked around for Celia, because her brother should have been there by now. But Celia was nowhere in sight. Gritting her teeth, Jennifer turned to face a grinning Carol and asked quietly

"Where's Cee?"

"She left already. Lightweight." Carol said and Jennifer's shoulders sagged. Turning away from the cackling Carol and her cronies, she made her way outside, taking deep breaths of the cool night air.

Celia had been her lift home and now-

"You need a ride?"

Jennifer jumped at the sound of Billy's voice so close to her.

She turned to find him looking down at her, his denim jacket slung over one shoulder, revealing the dark red shirt that was unbuttoned almost to his waist. That meant it showed the huge scar down the middle of his torso.

"Eyes are up here Jenny!"

She flushed again and tore her eyes away from the scar and more importantly, away from Billy's chest.

"I'll walk. I'm fine."

"For God's sake stop being a stubborn ass and get in the damn car." Billy ordered walking towards his Camaro.

Not seeing another option, Jennifer followed him.

Great.

Trapped in a small space with Billy Hargrove for the second time in one night./

How did she get so lucky?

Let me just say this.

I do not condone or support ANY of Billy Hargrove's violence, attitude, abuse of Max, or any of his (for want of a better word) "bad" behaviour.

I don't think it can be justified but it can be explained.

Billy came from a broken home that started off as dysfunctional, then became toxic and abusive. He was exposed to abuse from an early age, first seeing it happen to his mother then experiencing it first hand. And yes that shit does affect you. It's one of the reasons that often people believe a sign of sexual abuse in children is overly sexualised behaviour at a young age (some not all). So yes it isn't completely ridiculous to think that the abuse Billy witnessed and experienced had some impact in his own behaviour.

Has anyone considered that that could be one of the reasons the mind flayer went after him? Because despite his own abusive (most likely learned) nature , Billy was vulnerable to abusive and powerful figures? Just a thought.

No I am not an expert on abuse and it's affects but I know a thing or two about it and the rest is actually just common sense.

My point is, billy isn't justified in his behaviour but it can be somewhat explained.

And I personally think he deserved so much more than what he got.

Don't get mad at me for my own theories and opinions.

Here endeth my rant.

Let me know what you think.

More soon.

Geronimo xx

2. Chapter 2

Jennifer climbed into the shotgun seat beside Billy who was already sat behind the wheel.

She could feel his eyes on her as she got in and found herself thankful that she had ignored Celia's advice to wear the mini skirt, crop top and itty bitty denim jacket. Instead she had opted for high waisted skinny jeans, a light blue button up blouse that was almost sheer but wasn't see through and her sneakers.

However, despite her modest outfit, she felt oddly exposed under Billy's eyes.

"Where too?"

"435 Lynacre Way." She said quietly and was then practically thrown back in her seat as Billy revved the engine and drove off at a terrifying speed.

They drove in silence.

Or they did for about ten minutes.

Then Billy spoke up, confidence oozing from every word, clearly not in the mood for silence whilst very much in the mood to tease her.

"So" he began "Little Jenny Manning. Gotta say, for someone who doesn't have all that much experience with guys, you're a natural."

"You know nothing about my experience" she retorted before she could stop herself.

"Look me in the eye and tell me that wasn't your first kiss." He said with a knowing smirk and Jennifer squirmed with a grimace.

Damn.

She had walked right into that one.

"That's what I thought."

There was quiet for another moment or so and then Jennifer sighed as Billy started in again

"Any other firsts you wanna try with me?"

Jennifer glared at him before saying quietly

"I didn't *want* to try anything with you. I got locked in that closet against my will remember?"

"Yeah. But I gave you an out. You could have said no." Billy shrugged.

"I didn't think the great Billy Hargrove was used to hearing no from girls."

Abruptly, Billy brought the car to a screeching halt. He turned in his seat to look at her. He looked angry, but not at her as such. More at what she was thinking and saying.

"You think just because girls don't make it a habit of turning me down, I would have made you do anything in there?"

The genuine anger and hurt in his voice, surprised Jennifer so much that nearly blurted out the truth. Instead she bit the inside of her cheek and looked down at her hands.

"Blame Tommy and Carol all you want, but it was your choice to kiss me. I didn't make you do anything you didn't wanna do. And I wouldn't."

Now there really was silence in the car.

As they both sat there, Billy staring at Jennifer and Jennifer staring at her hands, it began to rain outside. Slowly at first then it began to pour.

This time it was Jennifer who broke the heavy silence.

"Billy..." she bit her lip and darted a glance at him "I'm sorry. I didn't-you're right. You're right, you didn't make me do anything. I'm sorry. You're right."

Billy didn't answer.

Just started the car once more.

But before he pulled back onto the road, he shot her a sideways glance and the smallest hint of a smirk curled his lips.

"So you *did* want to kiss me."

Jennifer felt her cheeks redden, but couldn't stop herself from letting out a tiny half smile, a little embarrassed.

"Shut up and drive Hargrove."

"Whatever you say Jenny."

"That wasn't Celia's car."

"Celia got sick and left without me."

"So who was that?"

"Just a boy from school, he offered me a-"

"You fuck him?"

"No!"

.

.

.

"Please let go."

"Oh Miss Manning?"

Jennifer paused in her steps, as she followed the hoard of students filing out of Mr Nichols English class.

"Yes Sir?"

"Mr Robertson wants to see you at the beginning of lunch in M2."

"Yes Sir."

The moment Jennifer set foot outside of the classroom, Celia was at her side, looping her arm through Jennifer's and immediately launching into speech.

"Oh my gosh Jennifer, I am soooooo sorry!" she gushed "I just got so out of it and I completely forgot about you and Nick just wanted to get me home before our parents got back and-"

"Cee! It's okay really. No harm done."

Celia took a deep breath, guilty energy radiating from her right to the ends of her tightly permed hair.

"Am I forgiven?"

"Of course you are." Jennifer said with a good natured smile.

"So how did you get home?"

The words sounded strange. Jennifer turned her head to look at her friend and sighed when she saw the knowing smile that Celia was trying to hide.

"Let it out" she sighed "You clearly already know."

"Lucy saw you leave with him" Celia said beaming "Billy Hargrove! Billy 'The King' Hargrove offered you a ride home after you got locked in a closet together?!"

"Nothing happened" Jennifer mumbled "He was just being ni-"

"Do *not* say the word *nice*. Billy Hargrove is not *nice*. Billy Hargrove is a sex drive with legs, so don't tell me nothing happened! I want *details*! Juicy, juicy details! Come on Jennifer, you know I dumped Stan last week! I am living vicariously through you! So come on. *Spill*."

Jennifer knew it was pointless. Celia was going to be like a dog with a bone until she got what she wanted. May as well just tell her. Not that there was much too tell.

"Okay. So we kissed in the closet. That's all that happened Cee I swear."

"You're telling me he didn't even try and cop a feel in the car?" Celia sounded disappointed.

"Sorry Cee" Jennifer patted her friend on the shoulder while holding in a smile of her own "Listen I'll see you later, I have to get to Chemistry!"

"You wanted to see me Mr Rober- oh, sorry I didn't mean to interrupt."

Mr Robertson was a grey haired, stern looking man. He always wore a brown waistcoat over whatever shirt he had on and a dark red bow tie.

"Ah, no it's quite alright Miss Manning. Come in. I assume you know Mr Hargrove?"

No.

Not really.

But she had the sneaking suspicion that was going to change.

She settled on "We've met" as her answer, deliberately averting her eyes away from where Billy was lounging against one of the desks, a broad smirk on his face.

"Well I'll get to the point" Mr Robertson said briskly "Miss Manning I have to say I am disappointed, you're grades are slipping far too much and too quickly for my liking. That is why I have asked Mr Hargrove to assist you in your studying until I am satisfied that you are back on track."

Jennifer felt her mouth fall open before she could stop it, and heard

Billy suppress a chuckle. Quickly she closed her mouth again.

"I have created a workbook for you. Mr Hargrove I trust I can count on you in this?"

"Yes Sir, absolutely." Billy drawled.

"Very well. You're dismissed."

"But Sir-"

"I said dismissed Miss Manning!"

Biting down on her impulse to scream in frustration at the infuriating smirk on Billy's face, Jennifer followed him out of the classroom.

"Sooooo" Billy said, raising an eyebrow as he looked down at her "You're flunking Robertson's class? Have to admit I'm surprised. Had you pegged as a real swot."

"Just because you tried to stick your tongue down my throat, doesn't mean you know me." Jennifer mumbled, face a little flushed.

She hated how easily Billy found getting under her skin. Clearing her throat, she tried to speak in her normal voice.

"Are you really going to do this? Or did you just say that to get Robertson off your back?"

"And miss out on spending quality time with you? Not a chance." Billy grinned and Jennifer sighed.

"Fine. I can meet you at the library, Mrs Phelps is keeping it open for seniors until-"

"Fuck the library. We'll just work at your pla-"

"No!" Jennifer blurted and Billy shot her a curious look, and Jennifer tried to smile through the sudden flash of panic "I mean you're house is closer to school than mine. Wouldn't that make more sense?"

"How do you know where I live? You stalkin' me Jenny Lane?" Billy

quipped and Jennifer rolled her eyes.

"I tutored Max for History at your house every day for like two months Billy."

"You did?"

Jennifer nodded.

"Okay, yeah sure whatever. Meet me in the parking lot after school. We can go straight to mine."

Ignoring the twisting in her stomach Jennifer nodded and said quietly

"Okay."

"See you around Jenny Lane." And with that Billy walked away.

Huh.

Who would have thought Billy Hargrove would be a Beatles fan?

Quickly, Jennifer hurried to the office, paid ten cents to the receptionist and dialled her home number.

"What?"

"It's me. I um, I have to study with a tutor after school, my Math teacher says I have to or I'm going to flunk his class."

"Whatever. Don't wake me up if you get home late."

"Yes Sir."

Ta da!

Before anyone says anything, YES I KNOW THAT THE SONG IS PENNY LANE NOT JENNY, I JUST THOUGHT IT WAS A FUNNY PUN DONT ME!

Thanks for all the positive feedback, it really inspires me. Let me know what you like, what you think, what you want to see

happen!

More soon.

Geronimo xx

3. Chapter 3

"If you're gonna make out with him, please don't do it in front of me!"

Those were the first words that Max Mayfield said to her after she walked over to Billy's car at the end of school.

Jennifer flushed at Max's words but did her best to regain her composure upon seeing the smile that Billy was trying to suppress.

"Nice to see you too Max. Grade?"

"B+ in my last test" Max grinned and Jennifer smiled fondly at the younger girl.

"Good. And for your information Max, I have zero intention of making out with your brother." Jennifer said with a sweetly sarcastic smile at Billy, who rolled his eyes and said

"Yeah and I'm real bummed out about that. Will you two get your ass in the car?"

They drove fast to Billy and Max's house. Jennifer was pretty sure Billy didn't know how to drive any other speed.

They pulled up outside the Mayfield-Hargrove residence and Jennifer at once noticed the change in Billy's physicality. He immediately seemed to become more tense and Jennifer found herself wondering if Max noticed it too.

"Home sweet home" he muttered as they all climbed out of the car and walked towards the front door.

Max opened the door and walked inside, followed by Billy and then Jennifer.

"Mom?" Max called "Neil?"

There was no response.

"Home alone." Then Max noticed something on the fridge. It was a

hand written note. She pulled it out from under magnet and read it before turning to Billy and saying "They wont be home till late." Max said and Jennifer saw Billy's shoulders relax, like a weight had been lifted from them.

"No skating until you do your homework" he said to Max though not unkindly, and then with a half hearted growl in his voice "And leave us the hell alone."

"Riiiiight, of course. Because your '*studying*'." Max said, wiggling her eyebrows and laughing as Billy swiped at her head.

"Cheeky little shit." He muttered as the young redhead, went out of sight towards her room. He looked back at Jennifer who was smiling after Max.

"You want a beer?"

Jennifer looked surprised and said jokily but with a little wariness

"Are you trying to get me drunk Hargrove?"

"Suit yourself" Billy shrugged, grabbing himself a beer from the fridge and then extending a hand towards Jennifer with a coke can held in his grip. Jennifer took the coke can and said in her naturally soft spoken voice

"Thanks."

Billy answered by taking a long drink from his beer and then jerking his head towards the hall, indicating for her to follow him.

Billy led her past two closed doors and one that was slightly ajar, revealing Max lying on her bed flipping through a magazine.

"Homework shit-bird!" Billy yelled as he walked past.

"Bite me ass-wipe!" Max retorted, getting up and slamming her door.

Jennifer bit back a chuckle at the interaction between the step siblings as she followed Billy into his room.

The walls were covered with posters for Guns N Roses, Metallica and Van Halen. There was a rack of CDs in the corner and a beat up wooden desk under the window. A full length mirror leant against the wall beside a wardrobe which was opposite Billy's bed.

"Make yourself at home" Billy said, flopping down on his bed and kicking his feet up and patting the spot beside him on the bed, a glint in his eye and a knowing smirk curling his features.

Jennifer eyed the spot he had indicated and then very calmly and deliberately walked across the room and sat in the chair next to the desk. She heard Billy chuckle to himself but she ignored him.

Or she did until Billy said in a patronising tone

"Now if I'm over here and you're over there, how're we gonna do this exactly?"

"You could always move over here." Jennifer suggested half heartedly and Billy laughed, shaking his head.

"Sorry Jenny Lane. My room, my rules. I mean I *am* the teacher here right?" he drawled lazily, raising an eyebrow at her.

Jennifer swallowed, bit her bottom lip then walked slowly over to the bed. Billy pushed himself slightly over towards the wall to give her more room and Jennifer sat gingerly beside him, tucking her legs up underneath herself, suddenly acutely aware of two facts.

Fact one; she was wearing a skirt. It wasn't too short, a denim skirt that came to about two inches above her knee. But it was still a skirt.

Fact two; Billy's eyes had lingered on her bare legs as he looked her over while she settled herself beside him.

Well, settled was a strong word. She sat rigidly on the bed, her fingers twisting the hem of her skirt.

"You got your book?" Billy prompted and Jennifer muttered

"Oh shoot."

She almost fell flat on her ass off the bed, as she lunged for her bag and pulled out the workbook Mr Robertson had given her.

"Guess we just start at the beginning?" she half stated, half asked.

Billy shrugged, put one arm behind his head and looked up towards the ceiling.

"Better start reading to me then Jenny."

They had been working for almost two hours when Billy snatched the book from Jennifer's hands, closed it and tossed it to the end of the bed.

"Okay if I have to talk through one more equation I'm gonna hit something. Time for a break." He declared sitting up and swinging his legs over to the floor.

"Hungry?" he asked.

Feeling awkward, Jennifer shook her head, but then her stomach gave her away by rumbling loudly.

Billy just looked at her and she blushed mumbling

"Maybe a little."

Billy got to his feet and offered her a hand. Jennifer knew she could get up perfectly fine on her own, but for some reason she still accepted the hand up, if a little hesitantly. Billy pulled her up with a lot more of his strength than she expected and she practically crashed into him. For a moment she could feel Billy's body pressed against hers, like it had been in the closet, until she quickly took a step back.

Billy was looking down at her with an odd expression on his face.

"Erm... food?"

"Right... yeah. Food." Billy muttered tearing his eyes away from her face.

The pair walked back to the kitchen.

As he passed his step-sister's door Billy banged his fist on it.

"GET LOST BILLY!" Max yelled from inside and Billy just laughed before carrying on into the kitchen.

"Only thing I can do properly is microwave pizza." Billy shrugged, pulling one out.

"That's fine."

Billy stuck it in the microwave, let it cook then pulled it out hissing between his teeth

"Shit!" as he burned his fingers on the piping hot pizza.

"MAX!" he hollered.

"WHAT?!"

"PIZZA!"

"PINEAPPLE?"

"NO YOU FREAK!"

Two minutes later, Max slunk into the kitchen, grabbed two slices of the pepperoni pie and scuttled back to her room without saying a word.

Jennifer and Billy were both sat on the stools by the kitchen counter, Jennifer daintily nibbling on a slice whilst Billy inhaled his third. Finishing his mouthful, Billy sat back and appraised Jennifer for a moment.

"Why were you at that party?"

Jennifer licked some sauce off her lip and furrowed her brow at him.

"I was invited?"

"Didn't seem like your scene." Billy pressed and Jennifer shrugged.

"Celia told me to come."

"If Celia told you to jump off a bridge would you?" Billy snarked and Jennifer averted her eyes.

"She's kind of the only friend I'm allow- I mean I have." Jennifer quickly tried to correct her mistake but she knew Billy had noticed.

However, before Billy could question the timid girl about why she was only allowed this one friend he heard a car pull up outside.

"Shit" he muttered, as a pair of heavy footsteps walked up to the front door.

"BILLY! HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU- who the hell is this?"

Guess who's hoooooooooome?

More to be revealed in the next few chapters so bare with me guys.

Let me know what you think, the feedback so far has been so positive and encouraging. Remember to comment your likes, improvements and ideas for things you want to see happen. No promises they will be included but if they fit with my basic ideas i'll do my best.

More soon.

Geronimo xx

4. Chapter 4

Jennifer had met Neil Hargrove exactly twice and both times were in passing as she arrived to or left from tutoring Max.

Even from those briefest of interactions one thing became very clear to Jennifer.

She did not like Mr Hargrove.

She knew the type.

She just didn't know who the victim was, Billy, Max or Susan Mayfield.

She knew now.

Because the minute his father came storming into the room, Billy almost jumped to his feet, standing ram rod straight like a soldier at attention.

"Who the hell is this?" Neil repeated, glaring daggers at his son, but it was Susan who had scurried in behind her husband that answered.

"Honey it's Jennifer! Jennifer Manning, she tutored Max in the spring!"

At once a façade of forced calm and a attempt at a warm smile fell into place on Neil Hargrove's face.

"Oh of course. So sorry Jennifer. I just didn't recognise you and I have *warned* Billy about bringing just anyone and everyone round here. Is Maxine struggling in history again?"

"No Sir" Jennifer said politely "Actually I'm the one falling behind. In Math at least. Mr Robertson asked Billy to help me."

Neil's eyebrows shot upwards in surprise.

"Really?" then to Billy "Is that right?"

"Yes Sir" Billy muttered, staring straight ahead, emotionless though a muscle was twitching in his jaw.

"Right then" Neil said with a sniff "Well... carry on then kids. Don't work too hard now." He spoke those last words in a poor attempt at a jokey tone.

"Actually it's probably time I got home." Jennifer said glancing at her watch.

She hadn't realised how long she had been at Billy's.

"Of course. I expect your parents will be wondering where you've got too."

"No Sir, they're both overseas."

"You live alone?"

"No Sir. My cousin Evan is home."

"Very good. Billy" Neil said eyeballing his son "You make sure the young lady gets home safe, you here me?"

"Yes Sir" Billy said again, in that same detached voice. He then passed Jennifer her workbook and pencil case and the two of them walked past the severe Neil and blandly smiling Susan and out of the house.

They got in the Camaro and began to drive, both of them silent.

"And here I had you pegged as a Daddy's girl but you're really a cousin's girl?" Billy said, something close but not completely like his usual confidence in his voice.

"I'm NOT his girl!" Jennifer snapped in a very un-Jennifer voice, making Billy look over at her with his eyebrows slightly raised.

"O-kay" he said, drawing out the word.

Unbeknownst to Jennifer, Billy's mind was connecting dots.

He glanced over at Jennifer and looked at her.

Looked at her properly for the first time.

She was sat in the passenger seat, hunched over slightly. Her hands were clasped so tightly in her lap that her knuckles were turning white and her left leg was jiggling up and down.

But it was the look in her eyes that clicked the last piece into place, because he recognised it. He had seen it before in his mother's eyes, in Susan's eyes, in Max's eyes, in...

Billy felt his jaw clench and his knuckles whiten as his hands gripped the steering wheel just that little bit tighter.

After a little while longer, Billy pulled up outside the one story house he had dropped Jennifer off at after the party.

The light was on, showing a dark silhouette in the front window.

Jennifer swallowed, wringing her hands around the strap of her school bag. Then she moved to open the door.

But she didn't.

Billy didn't know why he did it. He didn't remember making the decision to do it but the next thing he knew his left hand was wrapped around Jennifer's thin, fragile wrist, holding her in place.

They locked eyes and a thousand unspoken words danced in the air between them.

Jennifer bit her lip as she realised what Billy was saying without words, through the action of grabbing her wrist.

Don't go.

"I have to" she said out loud, though she spoke so softly that she might as well have stayed silent.

But Billy didn't let go. It was like he couldn't, like he was frozen in place just staring almost imploringly at her.

"Billy let go."

Nothing.

"Billy. Let. Go!" Jennifer said almost like she was scolding a small child.

Still no movement, no response.

"Billy?" Jennifer twisted in her seat and, hesitantly, placed one slightly trembling hand on Billy's chest "Billy let go. It's okay. Just let go."

And he did.

Jennifer got out of the car then and Billy sped off the second she shut the Camaro's door.

Later that night as she lay in bed, pressing a bag of frozen peas to her right cheek and wiping at her red rimmed eyes, Jennifer subconsciously traced around her wrist, around the area that Billy had grabbed.

Her cheek throbbed, as did her stomach.

She searched her mind for something to distract herself so that she wouldn't start to cry and who should come floating to the front of her mind but Billy Hargrove.

She couldn't stop herself remembering the way he had held her wrist, how as he let go, his fingers had slid gently down her arm and ghosted across the palm of her hand to the tips of her fingers and then disappeared.

Jennifer couldn't get to sleep that night, too afraid and in too much pain.

So she thought about Billy and his touch a lot.

Ta da!

I know it's kind of short I'm sorry :(

Let me know what you think! Hearing all the positive feedback has been incredible and inspiring.

More soon.

Geronimo xx

5. Chapter 5

The next day passed in almost exactly the same way.

Jennifer got up, walked the mile to Jonathan Byers house and got a ride to school with the Byers kids.

She went to all her classes, kept her head down.

Went home with Billy and Max.

Studied with Billy until Neil Hargrove came home.

And was driven home by Billy.

The next day, the same thing, with one slight difference.

Jennifer wasn't afraid to go home.

As Billy pulled up outside the Manning residence he took notice of the fact that Jennifer didn't seem anywhere near as tense as she had the first two nights he had dropped her home.

"Everything okay?"

The bruise on her cheek was only just beginning to fade so he had to ask.

Billy had almost put his fist through his locker door when he saw it the day before.

"Yeah" she said in that softly spoken way of hers and then shot him a small smile "He's not home."

Billy nodded once. Then he leant over and reached past her to open her door. She shrunk away from him as his arm came across her body to the door handle and part of him felt bad that he may have scared her and part of him wanted to smirk at the affect he had on her.

"Well then have a goodnight Jenny Lane." He drawled with easy confidence as he sat back in his seat.

"Thanks for the lift" Jennifer mumbled, her bruised face still slightly flushed from the close contact. But then she did something that surprised Billy.

Maybe she was trying to get over her issues with closeness.

Maybe she was trying to do something to regain her control after he spooked her by reaching across.

Either way, it was a small thing, that was a big surprise to Billy.

She put her hand over the top of his where it was resting on the gear stick and squeezed it for a few moments.

Billy looked at their hands for a moment, before making the next move. He turned his hand over and deliberately (but slowly enough that Jennifer could pull away if she wanted to) interlaced his fingers with her dainty fragile ones.

And they just sat like that.

Just as he thought she would be, Jennifer was the one to end the contact.

She gently extracted her hand from his, smiled and said

"Goodnight Billy."

"Goodnight Jen."

And then she got out of the car and hurried into the empty house.

When Jennifer was awoken at 12:30am by a banging on the front door her heart dropped to the floor.

He wasn't supposed to be back yet.

Why was he back?

Not wanting to keep her cousin waiting, especially if he was drunk which he probably was, Jennifer hopped out of bed, pulled her robe

on and hurried downstairs.

She pulled open the front door and –

"Billy?!"

"Hey there Jenny Lane" Billy groaned, supporting himself on the doorframe, slightly doubled over.

He raised his head and Jennifer gasped. Billy's left eye was red, slightly swollen and already blackening. There was a cut on his cheek bone, the kind that happens when you get hit by someone wearing a ring and there was a small trickle of blood coming from the left corner of his mouth.

"You gonna let me in princess?"

"Shoot, yes, come in, come in!" Jennifer stepped back to let him through the door but then hurried forwards again when he took a step and staggered. She put one of his arms over her shoulders and one of her arms round his back and, with some effort, supported him into the sitting room and deposited him on the couch.

"If I'd known all I had to do to get you to touch me was get the shit kicked out of me, I'd have pissed 'm off sooner." Billy tried to chuckle, but it came out as a groan instead.

"I'll be back in a moment. Wait here." Jennifer said, heading towards the stairs.

"Not exactly goin' anywhere Jenny" Billy muttered, leaning back with a grimace and resting his head on the back of the couch.

Jennifer ran upstairs to her room, knelt down and pulled the first aid kit out from under her bed. It used to live in the bathroom but considering she needed it the most, she had sequestered it to her room.

She picked it up and quickly headed back downstairs, to where Billy was sat, eyes closed.

"Billy wake up!" Jennifer said in a much more commanding and

strong voice than she had ever used before "You shouldn't sleep yet in case you have a concus-"

"Don't have a concussion princess. Had enough of 'em, I know what they feel like." Billy said a little impatiently.

"Okay."

Jennifer started with the most obvious injuries, the ones on his face.

She cleaned the cut on his cheek and covered it with a dressing, wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth and gave him ice to hold over his eye.

As she handed him the ice, she noticed he was favouring his right side.

"Billy..." she hesitated "Billy I need to check your ribs."

Even in his current state, Billy looked at her with a wry smirk

"If you want to see me naked, all you have to do is ask princess."

Jennifer blushed furiously as Billy let out a pained chuckle.

"Just your shirt" muttered Jennifer averting her eyes as Billy began to unbutton his shirt. She wasn't sure if he was moving slowly because of his pain or because he was trying to get under her skin.

Finally, Billy shrugged his shirt off revealing his tanned, toned torso and stood up.

"You're going to have to look at me Jenny" Billy's voice was teasing despite his pain.

Biting her tongue, Jennifer let her eyes scan over him. There was some bruising on his right side and she tentatively reached towards it. As she examined the area, she must have pressed just a little too hard as, seemingly on instinct, Billy let out a hiss of pain and his hand shot up and grabbed her wrist, holding it away from his body.

Billy had briefly closed his eyes when he let out the exclamation of

pain and when he opened them again he immediately let go of Jennifer. She was pulling away from him, eyes squeezed shut, biting her bottom lip with her head turned away and tensed like she was expecting him to strike her.

"Jenny..."

Without consciously making the decision to do so, Billy reached out and turned her face back towards him. Slowly Jennifer opened her eyes, looking nervously up at him as Billy searched her face.

"I'm not gonna hurt you." He said in a low, serious voice.

Jennifer bit her lip and all but whispered

"I know."

After the slightest pause, Billy put his hand down and Jennifer cleared her throat and said

"Good news is I don't think anything's broken. Just bruising."

Billy nodded and then sat back down on the couch, not bothering to put his shirt back on. Jennifer packed up the first aid kit and then tentatively sat beside him.

They sat in silence for a few minutes before Billy broke the silence.

"I'm sorry."

Jennifer turned her head and looked at him.

"Why?"

"For showin' up like this. Didn't wanna scare you but..." Billy stopped, looking away from her.

"Billy what is it?"

"I didn't have anywhere else to go." Billy muttered.

Jennifer was lost for words.

She had noticed Billy the moment he arrived at Hawkins High. It was kind of hard not to, the boy drove a Camaro for god's sake and he wasn't exactly shy about making his presence known. So yes, even before they had ended up in that closet together, Jennifer had noticed Billy Hargrove.

But she had never seen him look so... breakable.

She didn't know what to say to him, even though she understood, probably better than anyone. Instead she got to her feet and said softly

"I'll get you some blankets and a pillow. You can crash here if you want."

Billy nodded and said with a tired smile

"Thanks Jenny Lane."

Jennifer couldn't settle.

So she was wide awake when there came a light tap on her bedroom door.

She sat up quickly and turned to see a still shirtless Billy leaning against her door frame.

"Can I come in?" he asked.

Acutely aware of the fact that she was only in her nightdress, Jennifer nodded. Billy padded across the carpet and sat beside her on her bed, not looking at her.

"Billy?" Jennifer asked looking at his back which was to her. "What's wrong?"

Billy didn't speak.

And then

"I..." he paused, swallowed and said in a low rush "I don't wanna be

alone right now."

Jennifer froze at the implication of what he was saying.

In his own, roundabout way, Billy was asking to stay.

With her.

In her room.

In her bed.

Oh crap.

But oddly enough, Jennifer wasn't scared. She was nervous yes. But she wasn't frightened of Billy, or what he could want because...

... because he had said he wouldn't hurt her.

And she believed him.

In answer to his words, Jennifer hesitantly moved over in her bed, making space for Billy to lie down, which he did with a slight groan lying on his back so as not to jostle his bruised right side. Jennifer did the same lying flat on her back looking up at the ceiling.

She was hyperaware of everything now.

She could sense the heat radiating off Billy's body.

Hear him breathing.

She tuned into that, hoping the rhythmic sound of the air filling and leaving the lungs of the young man beside her would help set her at ease enough to sleep.

It almost worked.

And would have done if she hadn't jumped out of her skin when she felt Billy's finger trace down her arm and come to rest, his hand lying over hers.

Not holding it.

Just resting there, like she had done in the car before he had taken it upon himself to interlace their fingers.

Maybe that was what he was waiting for her to do?

So she took a breath and did so. She turned her hand beneath his and laced her dainty fingers with his.

They lay like that, hand in hand for less than a minute before Billy made the first move again. He withdrew his hand from hers and for a moment, Jennifer wondered if she had done something wrong.

But Billy had only pulled away so he could turn onto his side and prop himself up on one arm and look down at her.

Jennifer didn't move from where she was, though every now and then her eyes would dart to Billy's face and then away again.

"What is it..." Billy said quietly "What is it about you?"

Jennifer was silent, biting on her bottom lip. Or she was until Billy's hand came up to rest on the side of her face and he used his thumb to smooth out her lip from between her teeth.

"Don't do that" he muttered and Jennifer finally locked eyes with him, with a slight frown of curiosity and asked

"Why?"

Something like the usual Billy Hargrove smirk came onto his face as he leant down a murmured beside her ear

"Because it makes me want to do it." And he let out a low chuckle as he heard Jennifer's breath catch in her throat.

Then with a more serious look on his face and without moving his hand from her cheek Billy looked straight into Jennifer's eyes.

"Tell me to stop" he murmured, his face now centimetres from hers.

Jennifer swallowed... but didn't say a word. In fact Billy could have sworn she nodded her head almost imperceptibly.

So Billy closed the final gap and pressed his lips to Jennifer's.

And it took less than a three seconds for Jennifer to kiss him back.

Ta da!

Guys the support has been amazing! Thank you so so much!

A few people have PM'd me about any smut coming up and tbh idk if i will be posting anything like that because i am an extremely awkward person who has never written anything more than a kiss in her life lmao! So if i can over come my basic nature then i will but please dont count on it haha. I may have to leave it to your dirty little minds hahahaha.

Anyways let me know what you think! Hearing from you guys is amazing!

More soon.

Geronimo xx

6. Chapter 6

Kissing Jennifer in the closet had been nothing.

Nothing compared to this.

The kiss started out almost chaste, a gentle brush of their lips together, followed by another and then another until they were fused together in a kiss getting slowly more heated by the second.

Jennifer felt Billy's tongue gently swipe along the seam of her lips, silently asking for entrance and she let him without even realising she'd made the decision to.

The minute she did so, Jennifer heard Billy let out a groan and he moved so that he was lying above her, holding his weight up on one arm as the other moved his hand from her cheek round to tangle in her hair.

Jennifer's lips were so soft against his.

Everything about her was soft. Delicate.

So delicate, Billy was almost afraid he'd break her, which why he was so careful in holding his weight off her as much as he could despite his ribs protesting.

He smiled internally when Jennifer, who had been letting him control the pace of the kiss so far, seemed to gain a little confidence as she pushed up slightly to meet him, one of her slightly trembling hands tracing the line of his jaw.

Billy wondered how far he could increase her confidence without pushing her out of her comfort zone, so he carefully rolled them so that now Jennifer was now the one on top.

Jennifer seemed unsure of the new position for a moment, her legs straddling his body just above his hips her hands resting on his chest.

Jennifer's nightdress had ridden up, revealing almost all of her smooth pale legs which Billy traced his hands up until they were

resting on her thighs.

"It's okay" Billy murmured when he felt Jennifer tense under his hands "It's just me. It's just me."

Slowly Jennifer relaxed a little into his touch. She bent down and pressed her lips back against his once more.

They kissed almost lazily for another minute or so until Jennifer seemed to get another little spark of confidence. She moved her head and tentatively pressed a light kiss to Billy's jawline.

That earned her a growl from Billy and he at once, flipped them over so that once again his body was above hers. Both of Billy's hands interlaced with Jennifer's and pinned them to the bed as he renewed their kiss with a new passion.

He now was the one moving from Jennifer's lips to her jawline, down to her neck and back up to just behind her ear.

"God you're beautiful" he breathed against her ear and this time Jennifer didn't freeze.

She panicked.

"Stop it!" she gasped, ripping her hands out from under Billy's and shoving against his chest.

At once Billy moved off the panic stricken girl beneath him and Jennifer sprang up and off the bed until her back was pressed against the opposite wall. Her face was ghost white, her chest was heaving and Billy could see her shaking from across the room as she pressed her hands over her face and slid down until she was curled in a ball at the base of the wall.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry Billy I'm so sorry, I'm sorry!" she kept whispering over and over until Billy approached her, crouched down and carefully lay a hand on her shoulder.

"Hey" he said "Jenny Lane. It's okay. You don't have to be sorry."

Jennifer slowly raised her head, eyes red rimmed with unshed tears

as she looked at Billy.

"C'mere" Billy said, standing up and offering her a hand, which she accepted and Billy led her back to the bed.

Billy lay down first, wincing slightly and made space for Jennifer. She crawled in beside him and lay on her side, her back to him and Billy carefully wrapped an arm around her waist, pulling her right back against his bare chest.

It was something his Mom had done when he came out of the sea panicked after a wave had dragged him under. He hadn't been able to catch his breath and so his mother had hugged him close, and breathed slowly and deliberately until he could breath normally again.

Billy wasn't used to other people comforting him or being the comfort to other people. But right now all he knew was that he wanted to be that for Jennifer. So he held her close and measured his breathing until hers began to fall in time with the rise and fall of his chest.

They just lay there in silence, breathing together.

Jennifer broke the quiet that had descended over the room.

"He says that every time he's about to hit me." She said in an almost monotone voice.

Billy didn't speak just let her tell her story at her pace.

"It's like he gets off on saying it before he beats the crap out of me. He'll pull me in close or get me against the wall and lean in real close like he's going to kiss me. Tells me how beautiful I am" she said the last sentence bitterly spitting the words out. Although his arm was still wrapped around her waist, Billy felt his fists start to clench.

Jennifer continued

"Says what a shame it is we're related. Says all the stuff he wants to do to me. But it's like saying it, just makes him more angry and then..." Jennifer tailed off and sniffed instead like she was trying to surpress tears.

Billy abruptly pulled away from her, sitting up. His elbows were resting on his knees and he had his hands clasped together, so tense his knuckles were turning white.

"Billy?" Jennifer was afraid he was angry at her, at hearing what she was too weak to stop happening "Billy please don't be mad at me!"

"At you?" Billy growled out through gritted teeth "Jen I'm not mad at you. But I want to fucking murder him! I hope he never comes back because if he does I'll kill him!"

"I wouldn't want that." Jennifer said quietly and Billy snapped at her more harshly than he intended

"What? You just want him to keep using you as a punchbag?"

Jennifer ducked her head and Billy immediately felt ashamed and guilty. He knew better than anyone what standing up to a guy like Evan Manning was like and he knew how it could end.

Jennifer was a sweet girl. Too sweet. Too sweet to have to deal with her cousin. Too sweet to be with him. But Billy knew he was too selfish to let her go now he had her.

"Jen?" he gently lifted her chin "Jen I'm sorry. That was a dick move."

"I just don't want you to hate me too" Jennifer mumbled, looking up at Billy through her long lashes.

Billy leaned over and gently pressed his lips to hers, feeling slightly better when he heard her sigh into the kiss and return his affection.

"Still think I hate you?" he breathed, after he pulled back slightly resting his forehead against hers.

"No" Jennifer whispered, blushing slightly.

"Sleep" Billy said as the two of them lay back down once more "He can't hurt you. Not while I'm here."

Ta da!

I dont really know how to write anything even close to smutty
so i hope that was okay for a makeout session lol.

Let me know what you think! I love hearing from you!

More soon.

Geronimo xx